

ONT vol 1

contents


- i. short review: **Beyond the Black Rainbow**
- ii. as you die, hold one thought
- iii. short review: **LA JETÉE**

i. short review: **Beyond the Black Rainbow**¹

¹ Panos Cosmatos: Canada 2010

the 70s are wavery, dreamt off the racks of
early 80s vhs - from videos he's not allowed
to rent yet.²

² Wikipedia: **Beyond the Black Rainbow** / Development



*this film is **about** the horror aesthetic, the 1970s.*

this film is **about** the analog sound / the Panavision grain.

Elena *is* an early synth, shut in someone's basement.

motif is waves, from the doctor's own brain.

score is a spoiler voice-over.

motif is synesthetic, diegetic: is the doctor's soul, step-detuned, a low wobble.

score intrudes, is sonic overlay.

ii. as you die, hold one thought

i, too, remember the womb. a deep and wavy
synth, it was: a Taurus bass, warping thru the
waters.

the 70s are bottomless, for me: there's always
some deeper sub-genre. a Fusion forgotten by
all but friends of the guitarist.

i found her address in Washington state, wrote her seeking smaller songs than those she'd posted.

in this way, i tune into my birth-decade.

by similar research could a gnostic entity think itself here with increasing specificity.

could come in light, mindful of our local law. weave in slow, evolving over eons by weighting the mutations.

thinking sub specie we'd speak of this being with mythic generality. we'd say e.g. 'as promised in the Gita.'

this sonic throb i'm picking up is subtle / far
away enough, it may have always been there.
low end of some whale-song, upswell from an
under-earth industry i'm tracking yet recede
from.

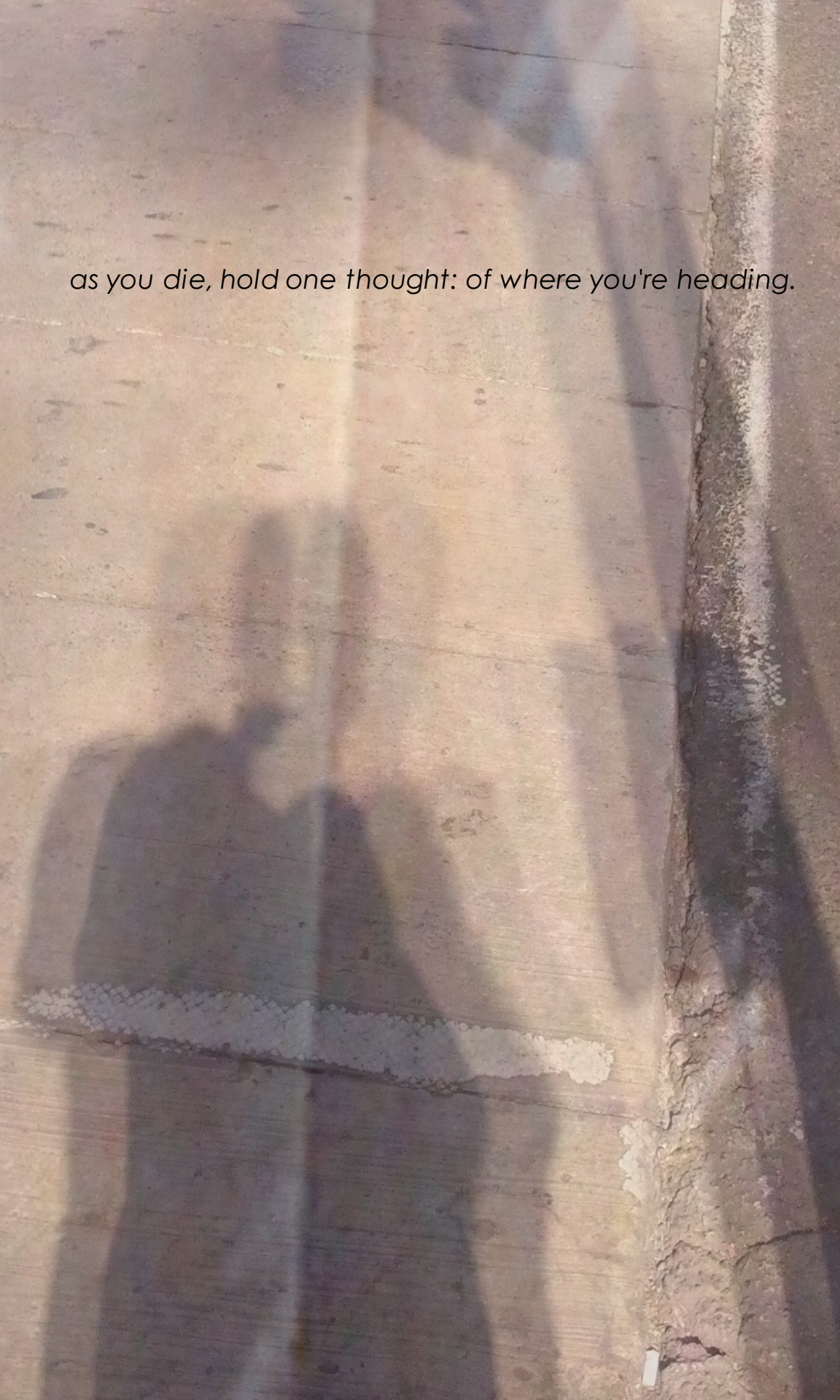
it draws me from home, has me skulking thru
the laneways off Eglinton: peering thru the
open doors of drinking holes whose men turn to
regard me and whose music is oldworld &
mellow.

this sonic throb i follow home, back into my
chair i tip back and whose tubesteel head now
draws from drywall a hum that grows there, in
the home's interstices.

a simple test confirms it, it's the fridge: harmless
& local, not from hell / no bardo ghost, no low
occluded vocals from a wider realm of beings
i'm wombling of.

confusion, i thought, meant a **coming apart** - that the **con** meant **anti** but i looked it up, the **con** means **with**, is a **mingling**.

confusion, i thought, was a bodily loss of integrity, & death a test you endure by holding one thought, of where you're heading.



as you die, hold one thought: of where you're heading.

a small **mihraab**, ignored by all, would subtly throb w/ a miraculous light. a dent in marble wall i pour my prayer thru.

mihraab, a niche in wall that shows our way to **kaaba**.

qibla, the line from self to kaaba. kaaba, the Cube and **qibla** our line of spine, in low **salaat**.

kaaba the center & **qibla** the spoke on a disc whose circumference is the line of **tawaaf**, of a pilgrim's rounds - however far from Allah's law he wanders; however halting & thoughtless.



ziggurat, a rising: layer on level, altar on predella step.
piling to a point implied, high in sidereal heaven.

even if untrue, the following is awesome, come on:

Ibn Kathir, commentator on the Quran, mentions two interpretations among the Muslims on the origin of the Kaaba. One is that the shrine was a place of worship for Angels before the creation of man. Later, a temple was built on the location by Adam and Eve which was lost during the flood in Noah's time and was finally rebuilt by Abraham and Ishmael as mentioned later in the Quran.³

Islam is, at very least, a strong misreading⁴ of semitic myth.

when typing in the block quote above, was tempted into cutting **commentator on the Quran**, for sonic reasons - was *tempted*, yes, and grateful i submitted, that i put the clause back in. even now, i strive for a poet's concision, yet i must be correct, at last; and promise to let in more from my colleagues & critics.

i put it back, to pass the data lossless on to you.

and now i hear a wonderful thing: my introductive clause **come on** abdominally rolls its vowels into **commentator on the Quran**; and i praise this poetry, which came to me unbidden.

³ Wikipedia: **Kaaba**

⁴ Wikipedia: **Harold Bloom** / The Agon, Strong & Weak Misreadings

iii. short review: **LA JETÉE**⁵

⁵ Chris Marker: France, 1962

the man who had trailed him since the underground camp *is always a surprise.*

the hero's death collapses Time: we end where we began, with his death.



and that that moment he'd been granted to see as a child,

*the fatal bullet cues for me a rapid reel: of all
the clues i'd missed.*

*weirdly lit, i see him now, haunting every scene:
some same face, a second Agent.*

